Rebellious Fame:

A

POEM.

OCCASION'D

By the many Lies and Scandals Dispers'd against the Government,

Since the late

REBELLION.

LONDON:

Printed for *Bezaleel Creake* at the *Bible* and *Ink-Bottle* in *Germain-Street*, near St. *James's*; and Sold by *R. Burleigh* in *Amen-Corner*, and *J. Harrison* in *Cornhill*. 1717.

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TO

The Honoured and Loyal Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and other generous Members of the *British* Society, at the *Mugg-Houses* in and about the City of *London*.

Worthy Gentlemen,

THE *Wise and Glorious Administration of our second great Deliverer King* GEORGE, *gave so sudden and so strong a Check to the Jacobites Rage and wild Fury, which spirited up the late ridiculous Attempt upon our happy*

Conſtitution, that it was very eaſy to conceive the weak and ſpiritleſs Remains of that baffled Faction, ſhould fly to the old Sanctuary of their Great Apoſtles *the* Jeſuits, Calumny *and* Lies, *as their laſt Retreat. This the Author of the following Poem obſerving, has (with apoſite Wit) happily expos'd.*

The Publiſher therefore (Much Honoured *and* Loyal Gentlemen) *is humbly of Opinion, that theſe Lines could not be more properly addreſs'd, than to your worthy Aſſemblies, who have in ſo conſpicuous a manner, with ſo much* Zeal *to the Publick, and* Honour *for your ſelves, purſued the ſame Great and Glorious Ends.*

To the Virtue of our Illuſtrious KING, *which ſecures to us the*

Strength

Strength of that happy Constitution *founded by* William *the* IIId. *of Immortal Memory, we owe the glorious Privilege of daring to assert the Cause of* Liberty. *And to you, honoured Gentlemen, we owe the laudable Attempt of restraining the deluded Populace of this Great City from the Folly and Madness into which the malicious Insinuations of our restless Enemies, or their own stronger Prejudices, had unfortunately led them.*

That they may all have a true Sense of their Duty as well as Happiness; and that you (Gentlemen) may long enjoy all the Delights which a virtuous Liberty, whereof you appear so worthy, can give you: And that our Great *and* Wise

Dedication.

KING *may reign in the Hearts, as undoubtedly he will over the Persons of all His Subjects, is the sincere and hearty Prayer of*

Honoured Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient and

Devoted Servant,

The Publisher.

Rebel-

Rebellious Fame:

A POEM, &c.

WHEN the Rebellious Rout their *God* assail'd,
And Heavens high Battlements from Earth were Scal'd;
Vain was the Rash Attempt. Folly and Pride,
And senseless Rage Omnipotence defy'd;
(A hundred Hands and one weak Head their Guide.)
The base born Crew th' impending Thunder hear'd,
And sculk'd beneath the Mountains they had Rear'd;

But Mother Earth, whose Female Malice strove
T'avenge her Coward Sons on conqu'ring *Jove*,
In her deep canker'd Womb a Monster bears,
A hideous Form, a thousand Eyes, Tongues, Ears,
On her expanded Wings the Phantom wears,
She calls her Daughter *Fame*, the lateſt Birth,
And laſt weak Effort of Rebellious Earth;
The flying Peſt Invades the Throne of *Jove*,
And blaſts with pois'nous breath the Realms (above.

'Tis thus (Great *George*) the Rebel Faction (wies,
In Arms diſgrac'd, it's laſt Reſerve of Lies;
Dark Treaſons, idle Tales, and whiſper'd Blaſ- (phemies.
When all their airy Mountain Projects fail,
Proſtrate and Thunder-ſtruck theſe Gians rail,
Scandal, The Factions Idol and Support,
Their darling Siſter, and their laſt reſort.
This bully Baud in ev'ry corner plies,
And each ſoft Cully is her eaſy prize.

A Gueſt at ev'ry merry meeting, free,
With Porters, Flip ſhe drinks, with Ladies, Tea:
To her the wretched, and the Malecontent,
Confeſs their Woes, and give their Paſſions vent.
Old batter'd Beaux, and Virgins in Deſpair,
And Sullen Bigots her Companions are:
Here the bold Falſhood glares in open Day,
There cautious Whiſpers unfledg'd Lies convey,
With ſeeming Art and Modeſty conceal'd,
The Secret ill diſguis'd, is more reveal'd;
Reſtleſs ſhe roves, her working Head contrives
New Slanders yet unhear'd, or old revives;
Succeſſive Tales the gaping Crowd amuſe,
And her hoarſe Hawkers ſweat with loads of News.

The baffled *Faction* truſt by her alone
To fix their *Puppet* on the *Britiſh* Throne,
Exiles, and *Fugitives* depreſs'd, forlorn,
The Jeſt of *Europe*, and the Publick Scorn,

From

From this good virtuous Dame, expect in vain,
Their future Triumphs, and Utopian Reign;
Nor less to Scandal are their Friends inclin'd,
That perjur'd Refuse which they left behind;
Scandal alone with them supplies the place
Of Truth, Sense, Honour, Modesty and Grace;
In Wit, 'tis true, their wondrous Talent's known,
In saucy Libel, or a dull Lampoon.
The little Stock they have the Wags employ,
They *Swear* with Sorrow, but they *Lie* with Joy;
Reluctant take that bitter Portion down,
And stubborn Conscience in full Goblets drown;
Mysterious Healths, and smart Conceits afford
A World of Mirth to the facetious Board.
By each Wise Head with Stout *October* warm'd
New Lies are Minted, and new Schemes are form'd;
Armies are routed, Monarchs overcome,
And happy Rebels reel in Triumph home.

Each Knave when paid for all his Merits past,
In persevering Scandal breaths his last;

Trembling

Trembling, half dead, in fault'ring accents Lies,
Rails at his Prince, abjures his Church, and
(Dies.
Thou * Grave Hiſtorian who with pious dread,
Art every Moon by ſtudious Porters read;
Revolve thy black Records of ev'ry Age,
Thy Book of Martyrs ſearch through ev'ry
(Page,
When with due care thou haſt examin'd all,
Find me one Parrallel to Brother *Paul*.
How decently the *Caitif* ends his Days!
With † *Howels* Rhethorick, and *Sternholds* lays,
Nor can th' unfeather'd Animals Suffice;
§ Kites, Crows, and Pidgeons muſt reveal their
(Lies.
O! Father *Æſop* ſhow thy rev'rend Face,
Reform thy Brother Slaves, and juſtifie thy
(Race.
O! Suffer not each raw Rebellious Cit
To ſteal thy Tales, and miſapply thy Wit:

---

* *Paul Lorrain* Ordinary of *Newgate*.
† His Speech Penn'd by *Nonjuring* Parſons.
§ *Æſop*'s Fable.

For thy own sake let ev'ry honest Breast,
And ev'ry Bird in that vile cause be mute.
The feather'd kind in thy wise Tales may view
The plighted Faith to their great *Eagle* due,
Who now Triumphant Rules the Plains above
A Gracious Monarch, and the Bird of Jove.

The weaker sex (with faith affur'd) relies
On strange Portents, and dreadful Prodigies.
The prying Aunt no longer hunts the Fair,
Nor toothless Age to blooming Youth severe,
For publick Scandal is their only care.
Florella Sins secure, on her ninth Moon
Uncensur'd lays the unhappy burthen down,
Such trifling Chat each *Prude* rejects with Scorn,
On stranded Whales employ'd, and Monsters born.

Aerial Armies in their cause appear,
And Rebels fight with more Success in Air.

Meteors

Meteors for them in fiery Battle joyn,
For them new Suns and blazing Comets shine,
And Heav'n proclaims th' *Impostor's* Right Divine.

Pale as the Rose * she wears, *Camilla* storms,
Ruffled with Rage, and thoughtless of her Charms,
The lovely *Fury* Squeals aloud — to Arms.
Oh! Wou'd the Nymph observe her alter'd Air,
Hope, Joy, and Love, transform'd to gloomy Care,
And ev'ry Feature horrid with Despair;
Her Abdicated Reign, her Lovers lost,
Her self a hopeless poor degraded Toast;
The mourning Penitent convinc'd wou'd own,
The dire Effects of each disloyal Frown,
Her publick Virtues piously resume
T' improve her Graces, and restore her Bloom.

* The Rose wore on the *Pretender's* Birth-day.

The Beldame *Iris* in old Story read,
T' abuse the Living, ransacks all the Dead;
Strange Feats relates by loyal Hero's done,
But shakes her hoary Head at Forty one.
Her peaceful Prayer-Book unmolested lies,
For *Merlin* chang'd, and *Lillys* Prophecies,
For Hi'roglyphicks buried under ground,
And uncouth Rhimes in ancient Convents found.

Such wretched Tales our easy Mob prepare
For Monkish Legends, and a *Popish* Heir:
Ungriev'd, and Unprovok'd, without pretence
To common Honesty, or common Sence.
Possess'd they rave; What e'er their Chiefs devise,
Scandals absur'd, self contradicting Lies,
And Peals of clam'rous Nonsense rend the Skies.
Each cred'lous Fool, his brother Fool deceives,
And this or that implicitly believes;

The waveing Throng in ev'ry Street appears,
Ten thouſand empty Heads, ten thouſand lift'n-
(ing Ears.

But thou (*Great Prince*) on thy unſhaken
(Throne
Secure, ſhalt look with gen'rous Pity down,
Unmov'd ſhalt hear the poor deluded Croud
In horrid Treaſons, moſt profanely loud.
Great are their Crimes, nor is thy Mercy leſs,
Preſent to ſave th' ungrateful in diſtreſs;
And when the People Curſe, reſolve to bleſs.
Vain their rebellious hopes, as vain our Fears,
Thy Goodneſs conquers, whom thy Thunder
(ſpares.

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